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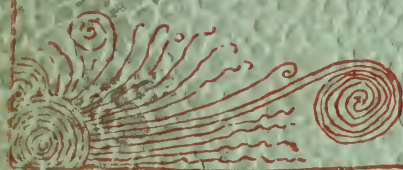
1895

IN CHILDLAND STRAYING.



By

CARRIE SHAW RICE.



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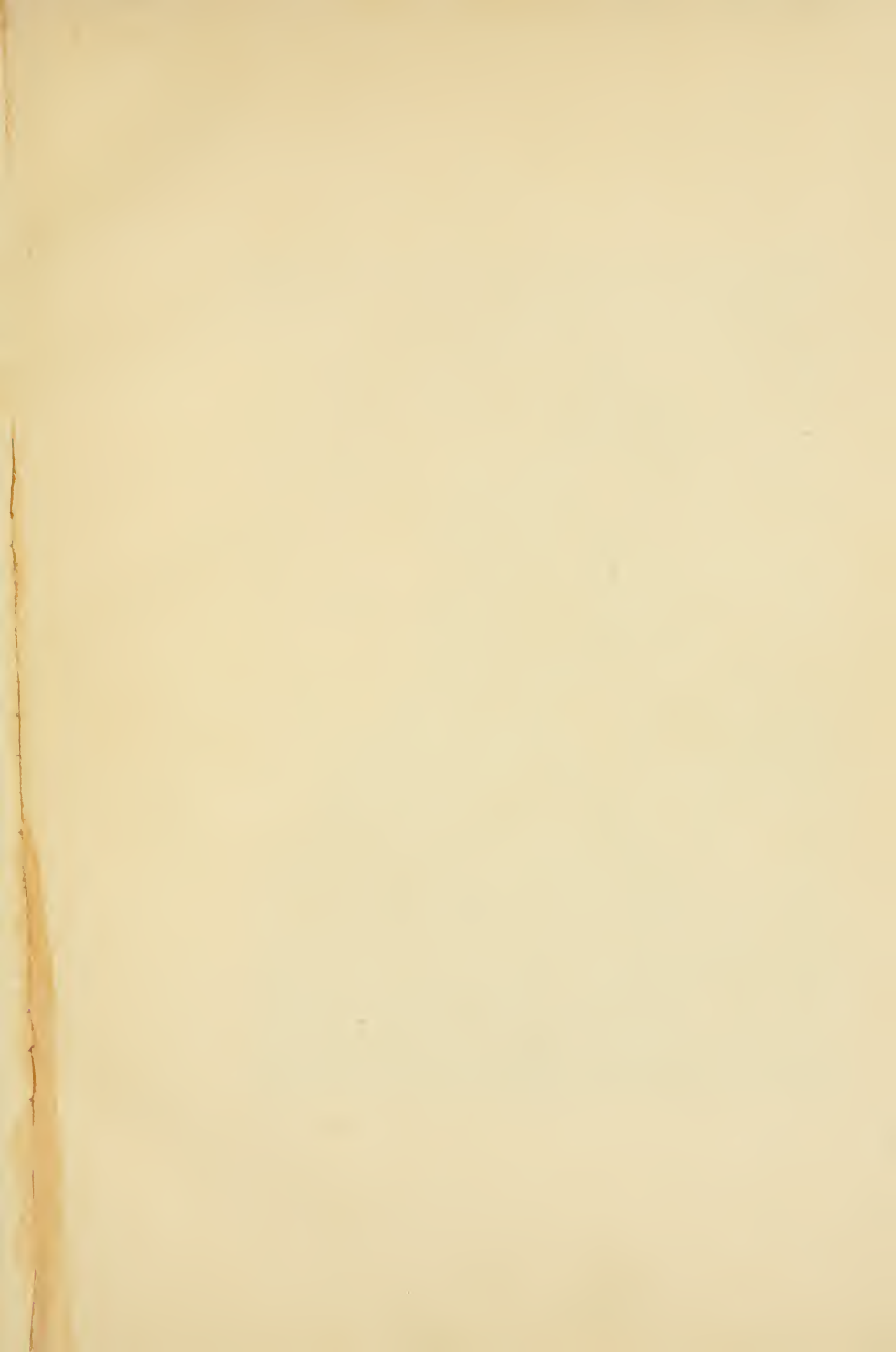
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IN CHILDLAND

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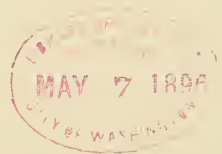
STRAYING.

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BY CARRIE SHAW RICE.

(THIRD EDITION.)

TACOMA, WASH.,
VAUGHAN & MORRILL PRINTING CO.,
1895.



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1895

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BY
CARRIE SHAW RICE.

Dec 10 1895

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*To my young friends of the Tacoma schools this
little volume is affectionately dedicated.*



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In Childland Straying.

IN child-land straying,
'Mid zephyrs playing,
And shadows shifting
Sweet thoughts came drifting.

When the Children Come Home from School.

AS the children came home from school, I stood,
While shadows began to fall,
And watched for the gleam of a purple hood,
And the flash of a scarlet shawl ;
And a big fur cap on a curly head,
And a jacket of navy blue—
My boy and girl, with cheeks as red
As the sunset's rosiest hue.

Then, turning, I drew the table out,
And laid on the snowy cloth,
And smiled when I heard their ringing shout
At sight of the steaming broth.
A laugh, a rush of the frosty air,
A hood and cap on the chairs,
A boy and girl at the table there,
As hungry as twenty bears.

They tell me a story of woe and wrong,
Another of pleasant tricks ;
Then how the teacher was all day long
As cross as any two sticks.
"And were *you* good, my Susie and Jim ?"
"Oh, mamma," they cry, " we were ! "
And what she easily proves by him
He as readily proves by her.

"My darlings must ever be good and kind,"
I say, with an inward sigh,
And then in my heart, "May they never find
A judge less gentle than I;"
And, Oh ! When the Father of all, above,
Shall call us from earthly rule,
May He as fondly excuse and love
His children come home from school.

The Castles of Drowsy Town.

A WAY in the castles of Drowsy Town,
The lights are twinkling high,
The fays are pulling the curtains down,
And the winds are wandering by.

The Giant Night in his robe of dusk,
Is coming over the hills,
Bringing an odor of rose and musk,
And a ripple of distant rills.

This black man is as high as the sky,
And his eyes shoot starry gleams,
And his pockets are ready to burst, well nigh,
With bundles of children's dreams.

He moves with a soft, mysterious tread,
Thro' the scented dusk and damp,
And he carries the moon upon his head,
As a miner carries a lamp.

And straight for my little ones cometh he
When twilight is dropping down,
And bears them swiftly away from me
To the borders of Drowsy Town.

Oh! the gates are open on ev'ry side,
And the children are trooping in,
With dainty cap strings cunningly tied,
Right under each dimpled chin.

And the fairies gently tuck them away,
In hammocks of lilies and down,
And there they sleepily swing and sway,
In mystical Drowsy Town.

Then the Giant Night in his robe of grey,
Departs for a scene of mirth,
Where brown little Chinese children play,
On the other side of the earth.

So farewell to the castles of Drowsy Town,
And farewell to each winsome fay,
By heath and hill, by dale and by down,
The children are hasting away.

By the Cow Yard Bars.

WHILE the kine looked on with reproachful eyes,
And waited outside of the cow yard bars,
On the dewy grass at the milking hour
He lay, as he gazed at the dawning stars,
And who knows what they were saying to him?
For his wondering eyes grew bright, grew dim,
While they danced with glee and seemed keeping
time
To his quickened heart in its throbbing rhyme.

"Is the milking done?" said his father's voice,
"What! here are the cattle outside the bars,
And that stupid boy lies there in the dew,
With his face upturned to the moon and stars."
And the boy stood up and was scolded well,
For how could the father, impatient, tell
Of the heights to which he would some day rise,
His stupid boy with the dreamy eyes?

My children, how could the father know,
That a great astronomer earth can show,
Stood trembling there in his little son,
Who was late in getting the milking done?
But weary of honors, in after years,
A man looked back thro' smiles and tears,
To the old home scene and the silver stars,
And the dreaming boy, by the cow yard bars.

Motherless Children.

NOW, I send this verse for a token,
I pledge these tears for a sign
That all of the motherless children
Are sisters and brothers of mine.
No matter at all your station,
No matter your name or years,
I claim all the motherless children,
By the pathos of mutual tears.

All day we are going so calmly,
Our duties' wearisome round,
'That none may know of hopes that lie
Buried down under the ground;
But when the daylight is ending,
And all of its cares dismissed,
When the willows are swaying gently,
Where winds of the summer list;

In the hush of the perfumed evening,
When the heart for awhile is true,
When the stars look down in pity
And the cypress is wet with dew,
We'll meet in the churchyard shadows,
Where the sad graves lie in a line,
Where all of the motherless children,
Are sisters and brothers of mine.

**How Katy Didn't,
or The Tale of Grasshopper Green.**

ONE Saturday evening, Grasshopper Green
Tied on his new cravat,
Parted his hair,
With infinite care
And put on his tallest hat;
And as he skipped o'er the waving fields,
A grasshopper gay was he;
For he whistled and sang
Till the lily-bells rang
To the sound of his noisesome glee.

Close by the spring lived old Mrs. Did
Alone with her daughter Kate,
And Grasshopper Green
Might often be seen,
Lingering there at the gate;
For Grasshopper Green loved Katy so fair,
And picture his quick dismay,
To find her to night,
In the lessening light,
Conversing with Grasshopper Grey.

But quickly concealing his jealous fears,
He took off his hat and bowed;
His face was pale,
And his heart would quail,
But his voice was merry and loud.
"Now, really," he cried, "I am pleased as Punch

At meeting you, Brother Grey;
And Katy, the pride
Of the green river side,
Am I finding you well to day?"

Now, Katharine Did was a bit of a flirt,
Like many a lass you have seen,
And as Grasshopper Grey
Was rich in his way,
She slighted Grasshopper Green.
But Grasshopper Grey with his eyes half shut,
Was reading her like a book,
And little she guessed
Of the thoughts in his breast
From his sleepy, affectionate look.

When Grasshopper Green went home that night,
A grasshopper sad was he;
But Grasshopper Grey
Kissed Katy, they say,
In the shade of the sycamore tree.
"Money or love," mused beautiful Kate,
"Which, ah which shall I say?
Loving and lean
With Grasshopper Green,
Or rich with Grasshopper Grey?"

But, alas! for all of the flirting girls,
And alas! for the lovely Kate,
Alone she sits,
While daylight flits,
Watching the garden gate;
For a sad old maid is Katharine Did,
As Grasshoppers Green and Grey,
With their new cravats
And tall silk hats,
Came never again that way.

The Dance in the Milky Way.

ONE violet night,
When clouds were light
As a dream just floating away,
The gallant Mars
Invited the stars
To a dance in the Milky Way.

From the turquoise walls,
In the entrance halls,
Gleamed many a welcoming light
On the crystal doors
And the marble floors
Of mystical, milky white.

Now the gallant Mars
And his train of stars
The gayest of all the gay,
At half past eight,
With heart elate,
Arrive at the Milky Way.

Then, soon on the hush
Comes the rustle and rush
Of banners and fluttering wings,
And the sound of wheels,
And the tinkling peals
Of golden bells
On the distance swells
And throbs, and echoes, and rings;
For rolling over the field of blue,
The open gateway glittering through,
With courtiers bland
On either hand,
And beauteous maidens at her command;

Bright as the glow of a sunset dream,
Her chariot drawn by a butterfly team,
 With escorts and guiders,
 And manly outriders,
The Princess Venus in state appears,
In the midst of music and echoing cheers.

Great Jupiter comes in his coat of flame,
Escorting the Asteroid girls,
 One in a dress of emerald green
 And one with auburn curls,
And Mrs. Saturn arrayed in white
With her eight pretty moons is a lovely sight.

 In the midst of mirth,
 The beautiful Earth
In a robe of beryl appears,
And is greeted with hearty cheers;
Then Neptune gives her his arm and they
Go whirling adown the Milky Way;
But pause when they reach the end of the hall,
For the dances there have assembled all,
And merry faces begin to fall,
For the fiddlers are late at the Planet's ball.

 Then rings a shout
 From the gates without,
Through the courts of the Milky Way,
 And now revealed,
 In the azure field
Approaches a grand array;

To merry music of swinging spheres,
Slowly the dazzling army nears,
 And up the arch,
 On his wondrous march,
To blare of bugles and roll of drums,
The stately leader, Orion, comes.

 With princely grace
 He takes his place
On a throne of silver and pearl;
 Now ready are all,
 Now opens the ball,
Now hop, now step and now whirl.
And who can imagine the wondrous scene?
The lights of soft, mysterious sheen,
Falling over the sapphire walls,
The open courts and the entrance halls;

 The rhythmic beat
 Of the dancers' feet,
As they form in a ring,
 And circle and swing,
And daytime care to the breezes fling;
 Orion's throne,
 And the wild, sweet tone
Of the music's spell as it rises and swells
And thrills and echoes and trembles and
 dwells,
Till the heavens shake,
 And the angels wake
To list to the musical throb and roll,
Like the glorious song of a ransomed soul,
And strive its tremulous course to trace,
As it faints and dies on the rim of space.

The gallant Mars,
And a group of stars
Go circling over the heights;
By glittering ways
They dance to the blaze,
Of the beautiful Northern Lights;
And Venus, upon their return has made,
The Big Dipper full of orangeade,
And all go up to the Crystal bar
And drink the health of the Evening Star.

Comes the Pleiades,
With indolent ease,
On the arm of the Man in the Moon;
And all goes well
As a marriage bell
Till after the midnight noon,
When a careless fellow from Sapphire Vale,
Chances to tread on a Comet's tail,
And a challenge follows; but Marshal Mars,
Arrests the whole of the Shooting Stars.

In the silvery light
Of their starry height,
They dance till the night is done,
Then say good-bye,
And over the sky
Roll homeward, every one;
The music dies with a quivering thrill,
As Orion rides down a violet hill,
And the Dog Stars only are left to bay
Through the empty courts of the Milky Way.

The Sun of the earth,—
Though a lad of worth—
Next morning forgets to rise,
Sweet Venus retires,
And the day expires
Ere ever she opens her eyes;
And the careless fellow from Sapphire Vale
Is bruised by a stroke from the comet's tail,
And his relatives kindly lay him away
To regain his strength for another affray.

Poor Saturn is sad,
She cannot be glad,
For soiled is her mantle of white,
But her eight pretty moons
Are crazy as loons
For another such wonderful night;

And the gallant Mars
Has promised the stars
That on some mystical future day,
They will meet and dance
Again, perchance,
In the beautiful Milky Way.

The Fate of Grumble Town.

HERE are the ruins of Grumble Town,
And here is the pathway stretching down,
To where the waters so blankly frown
In the face of the smiling sun;
And there is the spot where the Princess sat,—
The vain little Princess Ernestadt,—
While wishing the terrible wishes that
Were granted as soon as done.

The song birds sang in the leafy wood,
The froggies croaked as loud as they could,
The sun was going to bed as he should
When the cross little Princess went
And sat her down by the river side,
And sullenly gazed in the rushing tide,
And moped and gazed and grumbled and cried,
Till she gave her feelings vent,

And said, "I wish that the frogs would hush,
I wish that the waters would cease to rush,
I wish that the west would never flush
With a sunset glow any more;
But ever the sun keep blazing down
Till it burned the world to a coffee brown,
And all of the people in Grumble Town
From the palace down to the shore."

The milk of kindness was changed to curds
In the breast of a fairy who heard her words,
And she hushed the songs of the singing birds,
The frogs at once grew still;
The sun flew up to the zenith high,
And blazed and gazed with a brassy eye,
Till it burned the people, brown and dry,
Thus working the Princess' will.

Seeing the woe she had brought about,
The little Princess began to pout,
She tried to complain,—her tongue fell out,
So she tore at her golden hair;
And in the face of the heaven's frown
The tongueless race to die lay down
And that was the end of Grumble Town,
And all of the people there.

Going to China.

LOOLY Bolooly and Billy Cum Bell,
One day while wandering thro' the dell,
Came to a hole in the yielding sand,
That led straight downward to China-land.

Said Looly Bolooly, "I have no doubt
That we can go down and find our way out,
My nursery has said that it leads right down
And into the beautiful China-town."

"Suppose we go," said Billy Cum Bell;
"Just think of the stories that we could tell,
When we got back, of our wondrous trip,
To the people who go in a stupid ship."

"Why, as to that," said Looly Boloo,
"I think I would like it as well as you,"
So she took off her bonnet and threw it down,
And smoothed her clustering curls of brown.

And Billy Cum Bell took off his hat,
And both were ready when he'd done that.
So, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand,
They started downward for China-land.

Past where the roots of the grasses grow,
Past where the springs of the fountains flow,
Right thro' the rocks and the sands and clay,
Our brave little travelers took their way.

They came to a bed of the purest gold;
But, oh ! not half could their pockets hold.
They broke thro' a strange and darksome crust,
And sprinkled themselves with shining dust.

They came to a city with narrow street,
Swallowed and smothered by earthquake heat;
They called on the petrified king and queen,
And took their crowns and their robes, I ween.

Beautiful jewels the children found,
In that dark place beneath the ground.
The mummies escorted them out of town,
And wished them a prosperous journey down.

They came to a spot where the lava was thick,
But held their breath and swam through quick,
It singed their lashes and scorched their hair,
But never a straw did the swimmers care.

Down, down, downward, they went on their way,
Until one sultry, slumberous day,
A couple, in royal robe and crown,
Stood right in the centre of China-town.

And the people shouted with wild delight.
Laughed and shouted with main and might,
And they built a beautiful golden throne,
That the children knew was to be their own.

And there they ruled the city at will,
And there they might have been ruling still,
Had not the hour come round to sup,
And noisy Leigh came and woke them up.

For the King and Queen of China-town,
Where the rays of the setting sun fell down,
Lay fast asleep with their tangled hair,
A royally dirty and worn out pair.



A Song of Cheer.

COME banish that frown from your face;
The planets are whirling thro' space,
The roses are blowing,
The grasses are growing,
The rivers are rushing to sea;
Shall you and you only stand still?
Arise, go to work with a will!
Don't pause at the foot of the hill
To sigh for what never can be.

Tho' crossed in some beautiful hope,
Don't sit in the stillness and mope,
With wrongs to be righting,
And foes to be fighting,
Each moment is precious as gold;
The rivers rush on all the day,
The planets whirl 'round on their way,
Be ready and steady as they,
And see what the future will hold.

The Prisoner and the Child.

HE at his prison window,
She on the ground below,
He in the gloom of shadow,
She in the sun's bright glow;
He with his pale lips quivering,
Watching her sunny face,
He in his blasted manhood,
She in her saintly grace.

"We'll play keep house," she told him,
Twisting a sunny curl,
"You be the darling papa,
I be the little girl;
And this is Pink, my dolly,
Such a time with her I've had,
I'm sure her teeth must hurt her,
Or she *never'd* be so bad.

Out in the maples yonder,
Where all the birdies sing,
I with the help of brother,
Have made the loveliest swing,
And when it comes October,
And Mary Pink is well,
We'll go and swing, dear papa,
Out in the little dell.

These ugly bars at the window,
Keep out the yellow light,
I'll ask my truly papa,
To take them away to night;

Because," she said, "I love you,
And I know that you are good,
And I'd keep you from looking so sorry
And sad, if I only could."

And the jailer's little daughter,
Looked up with her trusting eyes,
And he caught in their depths a glimmer
Of the glories of Paradise;
And he saw a wondrous vision,
With love and sweetness rife,
In place of the dreary image
Of a ruined and wasted life.

That night when the moon was shining,
He knelt on his prison floor,
And gazed at the placid heavens,
He soon should see no more;
"Oh, God! had some one loved me,
Like that dear child," he said,
"Ere all the good within me
Grew withered and cold and dead."

Oh! trusting heart of childhood,
Oh! manhood stained with sin,
Gazing with eyes despairing
In the face of the might have been;
Let us guard with love and kindness,
The children of to day,
Lest future years may find them
Lost and wandered away.

The Mother Rabbit.

MY cat, with the delicate, snowy throat,
So staid and so steady of habit,
Now what have you brought from the field to day,
But a beautiful mother rabbit ?

Just think of the little ones in their bed,
All waiting for mother to feed them,
They'll wake in the night and cry in their fright,
For mother who will not heed them.

Oh kitty ! so shy and pretty,
You wouldn't have done it would you ?
If you could have known of the babies alone,
You couldn't have done it, could you ?

They'll cuddle close in their nest alone,
All night they will watch and listen,
Expecting to see through the dreary gloom,
Her brown eyes glimmer and glisten.

And now to look at her still and cold,
In the sun on the threshold lying,
While you look up with your innocent eyes,
And wonder because I am crying.

For Oh, Kitty ! so shy and pretty,
You wouldn't have done it would you,
If you could thought of the pain it has wrought,
You couldn't have done it, could you ?

The Upright, Downright Boy.

NOW who is this goes by
His face alight with joy?
 Oh, it is he
 I'll guarantee,
The upright, downright boy.
For the upright, downright boy,
With heart and conscience free,
 Is gay and bright,
 From morn till night,
As any prince can be.
His heart's a mine of wealth
That earth can ne'er bestow,
 Should Vice allure,
 He's always sure
To give a downright "no!"
For the upright, downright boy,
The right boy up and down,
 Is richer far
 Than princes are,
Awaiting kingly crown.
Tho' rogues may often win,
They're sure to fail at last,
 Tho' crooked ways,
 May purchase praise,
Its sweetness soon is past.
But the upright, downright boy,
In any age or place,
 Is always found,
 The world around,
First in the final race.

The Path that Led to the Lake.

NOW through the dim light of memory,
Far backward my flight I take,
To gaze once more on the foot-prints there,
In the path that led to the lake.

I kneel on the ground where, fresh springing,
Grow the fern and the wild, green brake,
And search for prints of the small, bare feet,
In the path that led to the lake.

Oh ! the tears are rising so thickly
To these eyes that wearily ache,
The foot-prints are doubled and trebled,
In the path that led to the lake.

You say the wild sands have drifted,
And graves for the dead leaves make;
Oh ! the dear old sands would not wander
From the path that led to the lake.

You say that the foot-prints have vanished,
And these are but fancies I make;
I tell you they're here as we made them;
In the path that led to the lake.

But, wild heart, we know that the winters
Have come with the frost and the flake,
And the rills of spring have been rushing
Down the path that led to the lake.

Of those dear young feet so tender,
Four ever their rest must take,
And four walk paths more stony
Than the one that led to the lake.

But oft' through the light of memory,
Far backward my flight I take,
To where we in childhood wandered,
Down the path that led to the lake.

In the Clouds.

IN a downward arch of the clouds,
That was rocked on the billowy air,
A silver-white star lay alone,
Like an innocent little one there.

Like a snowy robed infant asleep,
Or the soul of some glorious dead,
In state lay the glimmering star,
Alone on its cradle-like bed.

Like a glorious soul that is free,
It lay in its beauty of white,
Asleep in its cradle of clouds,
That was rocked on the bosom of night.

Thin curtains of mystical blue,
Trimmed in white, filmy cloud-lace,
Were drawn from the cradle aside,
Where a zephyr just held them in place.

Then, slow, as the picture dissolved,
A white arm reached out in the blue;
And a beautiful fancy was mine,
As my eyes grew dim with the dew,

I thought when our Father shall find
Us silent in death's chilly sleep,
With strange, smiling eyes looking up
To where the white clouds sway and weep;

He will look on our folly and sin,—
Tired children, who will not awake—
And pardon with pitying heart,
For our innocent babyhood's sake.

And with souls grown spotless as then,
With the laces of mists for our shrouds,
He will take up His poor, weary babes,
And rock us to sleep in the clouds.

The Little Man who Could'nt Keep Still.

A funny little man lived up on a hill,
Such a funny little man for he could'nt keep still,
He would dance to his work and dance to his meals,
And tiring of his toes he would dance on his heels.

One dark night in May he was coming from town,
Where he'd bought his little wife a pretty pink gown,
When, alack and alas! he danced off the bluff,
And down, down he went to the waves high and rough.

Down, down he went, to the bottom of the sea,
Where a shark and his family were dining cozily,
And though a little hungry, he decided not to stay,
For the cold bite they proffered, but hurried on his way.

He came to a sea horse and danced on his back,
And rode till they came to the Straits of Skager Rack,
Where the sea horse's wife and little ones three,
Were making macaroni in their cave by the sea.

Our funny little man made his toilet with care,
For some of the mermen and mermaidens fair,
With a whale and his wife,—of very high degree,
By special invitation, were coming there to tea.

When the mermaidens came so wonderfully fair
With ropes of shining pearls in their long, gold hair,
Our hero seized the fairest and adown the ocean's track,
They danced far away from the Straits of Skager Rack.

And they waltzed and they waltzed and they waltzed in
their glee,
Till they came to her home 'neath the Sargossa Sea,
Where her seven sisters sat in their seaweed swings,
Arranging pearls and rubies on their seaweed strings.

But the eddy and the whirl of the Sargossa Sea,
Kept the little man dancing fast as fast could be,
For the grassy waters caught him and he couldn't get
away,
And the funny little fellow may be whirling there to day!

Our Watchword.

CHILDREN, tell me what^o to write,
Here with crayon, pure and white,
Upon the board so wide and bright.

Fair and sweet as the morning light,
Fresh as a blue-bird in its flight,
Pure as dew of a summer night.

Tell me, tell me what to write,
Upon the board so wide and bright,
With crayon smooth and pure and white.

Something to make a dark day bright,
Something to make a sad heart light,
Lift the soul to the noblest height.

Just one word they chose to write,
Upon the board so wide and bright,
'Twas "Love" in letters pure and white.

Giving Thanks.

ALONE at their little low table,
They sat in their little low chairs,
With gravest and sweetest assumption,
Of manly and womanly airs.

Miss Jessie, the pretty wax dolly,
Secured in her place by a cord,
Looked on with the strictest attention,
While Harry gave thanks to the Lord.

"Dear Lord," said he, "this is Thanksgiving,
And Nellie and I couldn't go
To preaching, with mamma and papa,
Because we went out in the snow,

Last evening, and snow-balled each other,
And now Nellie's throat is so sore,
I'm sorry, dear God, and will never
Throw snow balls at her any more.

I'm glad you are sending the snow flakes,
O'er the brown meadows to fall;
I think my new skates are just splendid,
I thank you,—I b'lieve that is all."

"Dear Father," said sweet little Nellie,
Beginning when Harry was done,
"I thank you for every blessing,
The largest and tiniest one.

I thank you for papa and mamma,
Dear God, I am going to try
To be, oh ! so good, they will never
Need scold me again till I die.

I thank you for raisins and candy,
Oh ! beautiful Father above,
I thank you for Harry, my brother,
And Jessie, the doll that I love.

Now, guard us and keep us, dear Father,
Till Thanksgiving finds us again,
My mamma and papa are coming,
So beautiful Father, Amen."

Youth's Apostrophe to Nature.

HERE soothed by the balm of thy fragrance,
Oh! Woodland,

Full length on thy emerald turf,
My mind has gone back,
On a mystical track,
And conning the pages
Of myriad ages,

I dream of the youth of the earth.

I think of the time, oh, ye velvety grasses!
And leaves that are whispering near,
When borne one on the breeze
Over turbulent seas,

The first tiny seeds came, who may say whither,
And fell like a benison here.

Did eager winds woo them
And wildly pursue them
O'er weird, tossing waves,
That like ebon graves

Were waiting to shroud them in morningless night?
O'er caverns so deep,
O'er mountains so steep,

Did they falter and flutter in wearisome flight;
Now whirling and drifting,
Now sinking and shifting,

Till shuddering and fainting in whirlwinds of fright,
Poor, tired little pilgrims at last grown too weary
Laid down to their rest on the desert so dreary?

And thou, ancient boulder, asleep by the roadside,
A wanderer way-worn and grey,
 What destiny sought thee,
 And finally brought thee,
This fitful and wearisome way?
 So silent and grum!
 Old rock, didst thou come,
On the back of a glacier, so pitiless, drear,
 With its rough, frozen passes
 And deadly crevasses?
Didst ride half way here,
And then for some myriad years, less or more,
 Submit to a tumbling
 And jostling and jumbling,
 And rubbing and crushing,
 And rolling and pushing,
Until with a crash and a roar,
 The ice fiend departed,
 And thou onward started,
To find here a home when the tempests were o'er?

Old rock, must thy silence my answer be only,
And ne'er wilt thou break a vigil so lonely?

Dear Earth, I have loved thee so long and so fondly,
 Thy grasses, rocks, rivers and trees,
 Have lived in thy history
 Thro' all thy mystery,—
I wander as Fancy decrees
Where the sea-serpent hisses,
 In slimy abysses,
And life swarms under the seas,

Down, down to the core of thy hot, throbbing heart,
Where liquid fires dart,
And up to the breast of the blue, smiling sky,
Where cloud babies lie,—
I have loved thee and now do I ponder and wait,
For some have pronounced thy ultimate fate.

And must I believe the strange tale they are telling,
That thou wilt grow cold in a long, dreamless sleep,
And all of the beauties now smiling before me,
Be lost in oblivion, trackless and deep?
Afar in the gloomy,
The misty and roomy
Long halls of the æons to come, can it be
That snow-sheets descending
In cold never ending
Shall grimly enfold thee,
Enlock thee and hold thee
In chains which the frost fays will rivet with glee?
Thy fields now so vernal,
Then whiteness eternal,
An armor of sleet
Thy last winding sheet?

Old Earth, tell me pray,
If there cometh a day
When lonely and dying the last of his race,
In the chill and the gloom
Shall lie down to his doom,
With nothing to tell of his burial place?
In the vast, silent room,
Like a wandering tomb,

Thy life dream dissolving,
Thy usefulness done,
Wilt keep on revolving
Around the dim sun ?
With white, plaintive face,
Wilt circle through space,
Till the vast, solar systems at last disappear ?
Sad, sad were the thought, oh beauteous sphere !

As lower I knelt me to list for a token
Methought for a moment the silence seemed broken,
But gloomy and grey
Sat the rock by the way,
Like a sorrowful Sphinx with fancies unspoken.
The grasses came creeping,
Their secret still keeping,
But echoed from Nature's deep, innermost shrine,
Where altar fires shine,
This message : "The secrets the ages conceal
They must likewise reveal;
But know that e'en now in the high central heaven
Thine answer is given,"

The Bird on the Withered Tree.

AS I sit by the open window,
Where roses sway and creep,
In the sleepy hush of the nooning,
Singing my babe asleep,
He comes with a rush and a flutter,
And merrily sings with me,
Of hope and love in the future,—
My bird on the withered tree.

“Oh, beautiful birdie !” I tell him,
“The trees all around are green,
In the shade of their leaves are singing
The birds of your race, I ween;
Then why do you come, with your plumage
Far brighter than those I see,
In the sleepy hush of the nooning,
To sing on a withered tree ?”

Then he says: “One beautiful summer,
A bird with a yellow breast,
With an ebon heart in the center,
Came here and built her a nest;
And she reared the merriest birdies,
And one was the one you see,
And all of the branches then were fair
And green on the withered tree.

Now the birds and the nest have vanished,
And every emerald leaf;
I can hear the branches moaning
Sometimes, in their lonely grief;
So I come when the noon is hottest,
And fill all the air with glee,
In hope of bringing the freshness back
To the heart of the withered tree."

Say I: "Your example has taught me,
Oh, bird on the withered tree!
A beautiful tender lesson that
Must ever remain with me;"
And I think as I kiss the baby,
"Oh! will he prove to be,
When I am faded and old, as kind
As the bird on the withered tree?"

Right of Way.

COUNT life as a field,
With a path for each one
Of the children upon it,
Each daughter and son;
Don't ask for your heritage
Faintly and low,
But earnestly, honestly,
Modestly, go.
Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Whether or no.

The way may be rough,
And the people be rude,
For you are but one
Of a vast multitude.
Don't rail at the selfishness
Often revealed,
But let it inspirit you
Never to yield.
Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Over the field.

Tho' thousands should stand
To dispute you the way,
Go fearlessly, calmly,
Right onward each day.
The password is "Energy;"
On thro' the throng,
Go modestly, pleasantly,
Pushing along.
Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Singing your song.

The meadow is broad
You are starting to cross;
Go ready for danger,
For sorrow and loss.
Then, room on the thoro'fare,
Room on the lea,
And way for the resolute
Army, we see.
Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way.
Merry and free.

A Visit to the Old Man of the Sea.

LOOLY Bolooly and Billy Cum Bell,
Whose curious doings I've promised to tell,
Went down to the beach one summery day,
To watch the big, blue waves at play.

Now there was a log on the pebbly beach,
That offered a nice little seat for each;
And there they sat very still and wise,
Big hats shadowing big, brown eyes.

Each with a face as grave as could be,
Each with an elbow upon a knee,
Little brown chins in little brown hands,
Bright blue waters, shimmering sands.

And then each heaved a dolorous sigh,
You know the meaning as well as I,
Four little feet were bare in a trice,
Oh! but the water was cool and nice.

Said Billy Cum Bell, "I wish that we
Could find that queer Old Man of the Sea
Nurse read about in my 'Rabian Nights,'
My, but couldn't he show us sights!"

Then Looly Bolooly, peering ahead,
Said she was sure she could see his bed;
So they started out in frolicsome glee,
For a tramp on the sands down under the sea.

A flat old flounder eyed them askance,
A young crab led them a pretty dance,
The sea-grass twisted itself in their toes,
And tickled them hugely as you may suppose.

They asked a sea-cow sitting at tea,
Where lived the dear Old Man of the Sea,
But she only said, with an affable smile,
To simply follow their noses awhile.

At length they came to a tumbled room,
Silent there in the green sea-gloom,
The doors and windows were open wide,
But never a soul could they find inside.

So the children thought they would look about,
As many grown folks would, no doubt,
And under the edge of the sea-weed bed,
They chanced on a basket of rubies red.

Now Billy Cum Bell was a boy of pluck,
So he took out a handful just for luck,
And when they came to a basket of pearls,
Bolooly selected a few for the girls.

Just then with a terrible rush and roar,
There entered in at the open door
The queer old, dear old Man of the Sea,
With a bucket of jelly fish for his tea.

And then with horrible snorts and groans,
He shook the children, he took the stones,
And sent them home in a terrible fright,
Was host e'er heard of so impolite ?

But the strangest part of my tale is to tell,
For Looly Bolooly and Billy Cum Bell,
Neat and dry from toe to crown,
Big hats shadowing eyes of brown,

Sat on the beach when Nurse came along,
To take them over to Grandma Strong,
And they told the story as you have heard,
And she wouldn't believe a single word !

Rose of the Glen.

A Fairy Tale.

OH ! but the breath of the morning air,
Was dewy and fresh and sweet,
And all around
Could be heard the sound
Of tiny, hurrying feet;
And fair and fresh as the glimmering pearls
That shone on the grass were the boys and girls,
Who started out with their cups and pails,
For the scarlet berries among the dales.

The song of birds in the branches green,
Rang merrily on their ears,
But mother had said,
"The berries red
Will be overly ripe, my dears."
So they trudged along with their shining pails,
And gave no heed to the birdies tales,
Of joy and sorrow, of love and fear,
They were pouring out on the morning's ear.

Now there was one of the elfish throng,
More lovely than all the rest,
All golden fair,
Was her streaming hair,
And daintily she was dressed;
She would sing and dream thro' the summer day,
While her brothers and sisters were all at play,
And a wistful look in her pansy eyes,
Would thrill her parents with strange surprise.

She would sing and dream from morning light,
Till evening would come again,
Her eyes were bright,
Her soul was white,
They called her Rose of the Glen;
And Rose and her brothers and sisters found
The strawberries glimmering ripe and round
Among the vines like ruby gems,
Growing there on emerald stems.

Then all knelt down with their bright tin cups,
And picked with a sturdy will,
For all must work,
And none must shirk,
Each glittering pail to fill;
But by and by the sun grew hot,
And Rose was tired if the others were not;
So quietly from their sight she strayed,
To rest awhile in the fragrant shade.

She spied a lovely, grassy bank,
With violets growing round;
And there she sat,
With her gypsy hat,
Flung down on the flowry ground;
When a strange and wonderful sound she heard,
Like the rushing wings of a monster bird,
And looking up at the smiling skies,
Her heart stood still with a swift surprise.

For a great balloon sailed down, sailed down,
And a great balloon sailed down;
Like a giant dove,
From the realms above,
All white and purple and brown;
And sailing along, serenely slow,
A strain of music so sweet and low,
Fell on the ears of the wondering child,
And filled her heart with a rapture wild.

And the great balloon stopped then, stopped then,
And the great balloon stopped then;
By the violet bank,
Where fluttering sank,
The little maid of the glen;
And louder the magical music rang,
As forth six beautiful fairies sprang,
And well she knew that the mystic band,
For her had journeyed from Fairyland.

She knelt her there in the flowers and grass
With blue eyes looking down,
And on her hair,
So soft and fair,
They placed a glittering crown;
And 'mid the jewels there glimmered one,
In the glancing rays of the noonday sun,
Brighter than gem e'er gleamed before,
And Innocence was the name it bore.

They handed her into the great balloon,—
A fairy on either side,—
So shy and sweet,
She took her seat,
For the beautiful, wondrous ride;
And in the rest of the fairies sprang,
And louder the magical music rang,
Till it reached her parents where they stood,
By their little cot in the cedar wood.

And the great balloon sailed up, sailed up,
And the great balloon sailed up,
And bore her away,
That summer day,
Like a flower in a jewelled cup;
Her parents came to the place she sat,
They found her flowers and her gypsy hat,
Her sisters all came home again,
But where, but where was Rose of the Glen?

They searched the sky at night, at morn,
They searched the sky at noon,
With anxious face
For a fleeting trace,
Of the beautiful, strange balloon;
And oft' her brothers and sisters think,
In the glow of the sunset's gold and pink,
She is calling them to their sports again,
When a voice like hers rings thro' the glen.

And still they are waiting for her return
And still she may come again,
What sweeter home
For fays to roam
Than that mysterious glen?
And so perchance they will sometime hear
The magical music sounding clear,
As it sounded there on the summer day,
When it bore sweet Rose of the Glen away.

For Memorial Day.

The Children's Flowers.

O H! the armies of little children,
With faces fresh as the flowers,
Marching and countermarching
Over this land of ours.
Hearts as pure as the dew drop,
Thoughts as sweet as a prayer,
Bright Memorial morning
Thou'lt shine on naught so fair.

Into those halls of silence,
Where sleep the Nation's dead,
When the muffled drum is beating
To the veteran's martial tread;
Above the strains of music,
Throbbing so faint and sweet,
Is heard with thrilling heartstrings,
The sound of the children's feet.

Over the graves of the heroes,
Bending with tender grace,
They lay their snowy tributes
Lovingly there in place;
And methinks to the angels watching
No flowers are quite so fair,
As those which the hands of children
Have laid in their fragrance there.

At the Crossing.

NOW at the crossing, boy, you stand,
With sturdy heart and strong right hand,
Ruddy cheek by the breezes fanned,
And sunshine streaming o'er the land.

Boy at the crossing, look, awake !
Oh ! be sure of the road you take.

Boy at the crossing, now beware !
For many roads are crossing there,
And Sin's deceitful thoro'fare,
Seems bright and smiling,—have a care !

Oh study well, before you choose,
Which you will take and which refuse.

Right roads crossed by roads of sin,
Naught to tell but the voice within,
Where right shall cease and wrong begin,
You'll be tempted; men have been.

For right roads cross roads everywhere,
And you at the junction, boy, beware !

Pause at the crossing, boy, to-day,
And count the cost, dear, while you may,
Think on the mother, far away,
And breathe the prayers she used to say:

Then all your doubts will disappear
And show the right road, straight and clear.

Indian-Pipes.

BROWS to the breezes baring,
Blithesome and all uncaring,
Thro' summery, sunny weather,
We wandered the woods together.

In odorous ways unwonted,
The Indian-pipes we hunted,
In darkly wooded places,
O'er cool and dusky spaces.

And glimpse of jewelled treasure,
Ne'er yielded richer pleasure,
When thro' the shadows round them,
All waxen fair we found them,

Like spirit babies standing,
In dainty clusters banding,
Snow white, from root to chalice,
Fit flower for princes palace.

Oh ! pictured childish graces,
In their pallid, swaying faces;
Oh ! loving hands that plucked them,—
'Mid moistened mosses tucked them.

Oh ! fragrant forest breathing
Of tender memories, wreathing
About the heart in fancy
And Dreaming's necromancy.

September.

BACK to the school room,
Away from the cool gloom,
Of whispering branches in shadowy nooks,
Away from the charms
Of grandpapa's farms,
The children are hastening back to their books.

The youngest, the sweetest,
The gravest, the neatest,
The dark and the fair, the short and the tall,
The sad little cases,
With glad little faces, —
The teacher right joyfully welcomes them all.

For out in the wildwood,
Renewing her childhood,
Communing with Nature, where nothing annoys,
Full often at burning
Of sunset, a yearning
Would come, for a sight of her girlies and boys.

So back to the school room,
Away from the cool gloom,
Of mountain and river, of forest and glen,
With bright, smiling features,
Both children and teachers,
Go cheerfully back to their labors again.

His Story.

WE had just moved into town and I had just moved into school.

I was sadly self-conceited and as stubborn as a mule,
I didn't take to the students and they didn't take to me,
I couldn't see their pleasing traits and mine they
couldn't see.

I had been a weakly child and lived my childhood all
alone.

And young companions never in my narrowed life had
known,

All that I asked or wanted was my books, away from
noise,

And the worst contempt I ever felt, I held for girls and
boys.

So, when we went to the city, and I was sent to school,
I think, at first they counted me as something above a
fool,

And you'll believe me when I say, a month or there-
about,

Took all the conceit I ever had most fairly and squarely
out.

But with my books my lonely hours, I had improved,
you see,

And it wasn't long before their scorn was turned to
jealousy,

And I saw it with new sorrow, for 'neath Discipline's
rule,

I was wiser and gentler far than when at first I came to
school.

I began to see that one cannot go on his way alone,
Successfully, unless he has a small world of his own,
But so long as we stay on this one where so many others
stay,
We must cater to the general taste in spite of all they
say.

So I tried to win their favor, was sincere about it, too,
I solved the hard examples which they brought for me
to do,
They were glad of the assistance I gave, but as I live !
I believe they thought the harder of me because I had
it to give.

In their weekly compositions I would oft assist them
there,
Of talent in that special line, they hadn't much to spare,
But e'en while working gladly and giving of my store,
The cold dislike they cherished seemed growing more
and more.

And I'll tell you, while we're talking, something that
perhaps you know,
You can conquer scorn or hatred, if you have no stronger
foe,
You can even conquer prejudice when there is no real
blame,
But when *envy* sides against you, you would best throw
up the game.

There is no propitiating;—well, things went on much
the same,
But it couldn't last forever, and one day the crisis came
I was accused of cheating, but just how I cannot say.
I didn't understand it then, and don't quite to this day.

But anyhow they had it fastened solid down on me,
No good of any protest,—I would better let it be,
And the teacher, fairly doubting, but a weak friend at
the best,
Hesitated for a moment,—then—went over with the
rest.

If I live till all the hair is white as silver on my head.
If I live till all my friends are dreaming on death's
dreary bed,
If I live till all the world is changed from what it used
to be,
I shall not forget that moment when the whole school
turned on me.

I tried to stammer arguments; the teacher stopped me
there.

"To listen to denials she really didn't care,
'Twas bad enough," she moralized, "to think I had
become

A cheat, without my adding idle falsehood to the sum."

And then I turned from her and then with eyes of mute
despair,

Slowly searched each row of faces for a gleam of pity
there;

Not a ray of kindly interest, but a covert smile or sneer
Met my gaze, with all their cruelty and machinations
clear.

And I stood there, shy and awkward, in my shame,
before them all,

And in spite of all my pride the helpless tears of grief
would fall;

I shall not forget that moment to the longest day I live,
"I shall not forget," I cried aloud, "neither will I forgive.

And mark my words," I cried with swelling heart and
burning brow,
"I'll be further above you some day than you are above
me now;"
And I rushed then from the room, never heeding the
order to stay,
But one desire in my whirling brain, and that was to
get away.

Out of the room I had learned to love and down the
familiar stairs,
With heart insanely praying in bitter, passionate
prayers,
And lips insanely vowing in wild, unreasoning vows,
To rise as far above them all as earth's success allows.

Out in the yellow sunshine with its glad light mocking
me,
Past where the birds were singing in the shady cedar
tree,
Out through the great iron gates and past the church of
granite stone,
"For the last time," I kept saying, "till many years are
flown."

Well, the busy years sped onward and 'mid scenes all
strange and new,
Prosperity had met me and repaid endeavor true;
But amid it all I could not banish quite the old, sad
pain,
For cruel memory would ever come and bring it back
again.

In my dreams alone at midnight, would come back the
haunting past,
And the faces in the school room as I had surveyed
them last;
The cruel, taunting glances and the teacher's cutting
words;
Without, the happy sunlight and the singing of the
birds.

And a sudden homesick longing would come over me
at times,
For the old familiar places where I scrawled my childish
rhymes,
And so it was one sunny morning found me back again,
Amid the old surroundings of my wrongs and of my
pain.

I had now fulfilled the promise which I made long years
ago,
I had risen to distinction in the work I cherished so;
And the light shone on the great iron gates, as I had
seen them last,
And I think the very same birds sang their greeting as
I passed.

With heart grown stern and bitter with memories
surging on,
I went to find my teacher,—a woman old and wan,
Who greeted me with glad surprise and said how
pleased she'd been
To hear about my genius—which she always saw within.

She looked so pale and careworn as she sat before me
there,
The thought came sadly to me, that she too, had griefs
to bear;
Twice and thrice I tried to make myself say what I
came to say,
But every time some strange emotion drove the words
away.

And so I sat and listened while she talked about the
past,
Until with tears she said how she had wronged me at
the last;
But tell me, what became of all my bitter speeches then,
Here was the time that I had longed for o'er and o'er
again;

Before me sat the woman who had spurned me in my
woe,
What I was I nothing owed to her and should I tell her
so?
No, no! I took the faded hands between my own
instead,
And begged her not to mention it,—'twas buried now
and dead.

But I sternly told myself I would not be softened so,
When I went to find the classmate who had been my
strongest foe;
But the grass-grown grave I found, brought sadly back
the olden vow,
"I'll be further above you some day than you are above
me now."

One golden butter-cup I plucked, then slowly turned
away,
With a heart more soft and tender than for many a
weary day;
No call for bitter speeches or a sad upbraiding here,
I gently turned and left the dreamer dreaming there so
dear.

The rest I found were scattered, some dead, some worse
than dead,
And all my haunting bitterness seemed in a moment
fled,
And from the shore of distant years assuaging sorrow's
smart,
A sudden flood of tenderness welled up within my heart.

And that evening, when the first dim stars were
dawning in the sky,
And the soft breeze soothed my weary brain with loving
lullaby;
I stood and watched the far-off scene, as slowly it
unfurled,
And 'neath the starry heavens there, I pardoned all the
world.

A New Leaf.

HE came to my desk with a quivering lip,—
The lesson was done,
“Dear Teacher, I want a new leaf,” he said,
“I have spoiled this one.”
I took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave him a new one, all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled;
“Do better, now, my child.”

I went to the Throne with a quivering soul,—
The Old Year was done,
“Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one.”
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled,
“Do better, now, my child.”

The Evergreen State.

OH ! sing, sing, sing,
A song of the Evergreen State,
Oh ! sing, sing, sing,
From valley to echoing strait;
Oh ! sing the pride of her princely pines,
Her treasures sleeping in darksome mines,
Oh ! sing, sing, sing,
A song of the Evergreen State.

Oh ! sing, sing, sing,
A song of the Evergreen State,
Oh ! sing, sing, sing,
A song of her purposes great;
Oh ! sing her harbors and winding bays,
Her cities, mountains and water-ways,
Oh ! sing, sing, sing,
A song of the Evergreen State.

Oh ! sing, sing, sing,
A song of the Evergreen State,
Oh ! sing, sing, sing,
From valley to echoing strait;
Come, join in our praise, come, every one,
And sing the glories of Washington,
Oh ! sing, sing, sing,
A song of the Evergreen State.





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